

THE CONFESSION

Mrs. Judah Wilks

THE QUEEN'S MISTRESS

With the full Account of Her Rising away in the Night; and going into France.

Soon after the Great and Laborious Endeavour of satisfying the World, by those Peace and Liberty Dependents taken before the Privy Council, to crush on the weak and lindy Foundation of a *Primer of War*: it was observed by the Neighbourhood of Mrs. *Judah Wilks*, the Queens Trusty Midwife, that she began to sell off her Goods; and in answer to several Questions, often made her, by her Curious and Inquisitive Neighbours, why she was leaving of them, her constant Reply was, That her Majesty was with Child again, and her continual Attendance upon the Queen was required of her, as intending to make use of her again: But upon the Queens sudden surprizing Departure, it was observed, that Mrs. *Judah* was vanish too, her House being long before dismantled of its Furniture; however before her departure, she directed the following Letter to Mrs. *Winifred Wilks*, a the-Cousen of hers; which Letter, through the Miscariage of the Messenger, was Intercepted, and is here Inserted.

To her Loving Cousen, Mrs. Winifred Wilks, I bid
These with Care.
 Dear Cousen.

IT would be with no fittle Akeing Heart, that I am forced to leave Sweet London, had I not this Comfort to ease some part of my Misfortune, in having the Honour of Attending

my Royal, though *Unhappy* Mistress; Unhappy indeed, for never was poor Lady, by an *Unhappy* Husband, so *Unhappy*ly mistreated as of *Three* *Unhappy* *Ladies* in all *Europe*: *Three* *Unhappy* *Ladies* of such *Dislike* Accomplishments, Adorn'd with such truly shining Vertues; but above all, such *Dazzling* Piety; so True a Champion of our *Blessed* Mother of God, and her only Church, that she deserves to have her ever *Glorious* Name written in *Monuments* of *Brass*, and *Eternized* by one *Trump* of *Fame*, with her *Immortally* *Renown'd* Name: *Take* and *Predecessor* of *Ever* *Blessed* *Memory*, the *First* *Great* and *only* *True* *Born* *Daughter* of the *Mighty* *Harry* the *Eighth*: A *Lady* lately so dear a *Favourite* of *Heaven*; that from a *Daughter* of *Madaga*, that little diminutive Spot of Land, that poor *Hamlet* of a *Dutchy*; She *Advanced* to the *Bosom* of the *Most* *Potent* *Monarch* of *Three* *such* *Spacious* and *Commanding* *Kingdoms*: And what to her more *Deathless* *Praise* shall ever be *Recorded*, not only *Raised* to the *Sharing* His *Bed*; but his *Scepter* too; *Sharing* did I say! *Alas* too poor a name! No! Like a *Second* *Semiramis*, She rather *Rud* and *Reign'd* alone; whilst the *Poor* *Trist* *Humble*, *Tres* *Obedient* *Scrivener* *Jacobus*, like a *Second* *Ninus*, lived *Happy* and *Contented* under the *Umbrage* of her more *Sovereign* *Glory*: VVell, Let the *Ill* *Bred* *English* *Boars*, in their *Scurvy* *Madrigall* *Doggrel*, write *Bal* *lads* of *Hen* *Pick'd* *Monarchs*; and (because her

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Sovereign Female Hand, has in her Imperial Indignation, sometimes Corrected the Poor Man) so Insolent, as to threaten her with the profane Possession of *Hudibras*, of making a Riding for her. No ill-manner'd and ignorant Brutes as they are, they little think by what Divine Command she exercised that Supreme Authority over him, being Commissioned by the Apostolical See for such Castigation.

Alas poor good Man! though a true and steadfast Implicite Believer, yet in his Nature, too remiss a Church Drone in that high Season, Was it just that the Work of Heaven should stand still? The Wind so fair, and the great Vessel all Fraught and Bound for the Blessed *Tybur*, was it fit that our great She-Pilot at the Helm, should see her Boson lry, her Mariners sleeping, and the Sails slackning, and not give one Whistle or Call? Or upon Occasion, a little Cat-of-nine-Tail Discipline, to rouse them? But alas, dear Cousin! With a bleeding Heart I write it; the Glory of Israel is departed, and we lie before the *Philistines*. What Hopes, and what a Cause is here lost? My poor Lady, nay, my poor Princely Babe, turned out like another *Yshmael*, the Son of *Hagar*! Oh Cousin! What a Blessed World might we have lived to see, had not these Protestant Infidels, these Unbelieving Race of *Han*, put us to all this Trouble? Ah dear Cousin! Had they had but Faith, we should have had Hopes, and *St. Ignace* Charity, under the Heavenly Succession of that sweet Boy. Well, the World does not imagine what a hard labour my sweet Lady bore, for that dear Infant. They may talk of her easy Delivery, or a but poor fools, they little think that all her Pains were before, in her Conception, her Conception-Time, the bearing of her great Belly well, the Reckoning of her Time right; her study where to lie in, and what Women to call; but above all, her care for a Male-Heir, poor Lady, were Pangs sufficient: And no wonder if all these, preceding Pains and Throws, together with the Prayers of the Church, and a flaming Heart, and two Golden Angels of Threescore Thousand Crowns price, offer'd to our great Lady of *Loretto*, could move our Blest Virgin to that Compassion, to give her a something else Production, &c. *Ave Maria, Gratia Plena*, &c. But after all this Blessed Downlying and Miraculous Birth, for the *Lutheran* labels

impudently and audaciously to dare to question the Veracity of such sweet Flesh and Blood, so lovely and promising a Boy! Nay, and what's worse, in *Evil* Satisfaction of the Popular Doubts, and to silence the snarling of every Village-Cur, to have Persons of our Degree, Grandure, Honour and Integrity, brought before the Council-Bord and put to our Evangelists to convert their Infidelity: Was ever such Insolence? But alas, dull mistaken Fools! Did they think to fright me with an Oath upon a Heretick Bible, when I long before sealed my Fidelity upon the Rosary and Virgin-Psalter? Alas poor Snap-short Cuddens! No, my sweet Mistress, and my sweet little Princely Master, my Loyalty is not to be shaken. No, my Dear Cousin, I stand too fast upon the Rock of *St. Peter*, to be so tamely thrown down by the feeble Breath of a Beuk-blow: But now my dear Cousin, I must leave thee, and indeed, one great occasion of my hasty and silent Departure is, That we are certainly inform'd, that the Chancellor and the Marquess of *P*—s are resolv'd to Cackle. Oh wicked Rebels! As for the Heathen Chancellor I do not so much wonder at his Tongue running: But for the other Noble Lord, a true Son of the Church, and bred up under the holy Fear of *Bel, Book* and *Candle*; for him to turn a weak, frail, falling Brother! O Apostacy, Apostacy! Well, false, false *England*, then, lowest Sink of Northern Heresie, farewell. And now Cousin, for my last and greatest Motive for leaving *England*, My Dear Lady is with Child again: And since nothing but Bishops and Clergy-men can be satisfactory Authentick Eye-Witnesses with them, of the Birth of Princes, we'll take better Care to please them next Time: For we'll have *Father Le Chaise*, and the whole Colledge of *St. Omers* at the Birth of a Duke of *Tork*. And now dear Cousin, when I get safe over and settled in *France*, I shall take care to instruct you how, to direct your Letters with Safety and Secresie: Till then, and ever, I leave you the Protection of *St. Edward*, *St. James*, *St. Francis* and *St. Coleman*, and the rest of the Blessed Saints. And remain

Your Loving Kinswoman,

Judith Wilks.

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